

self. This is indeed the very
 type that
 goes to prove what Wordsworth
 wrote in
 his memorable lines "And much it
 grieved
 my heart to think, What man
 has made
 of man", even in these much vaunted
 days of
 our Twentieth Century Civilisation. As
 for my-
 self when I was given to work in the
 above kind
 of an oil mill, my readers can well
 imagine what
 my condition appeared to be. I
 really didn't
 know how the days passed followed
 by the
 nights and so on, over and over again.
 So com-
 plete was the exhaustion that I felt
 after each
 day's labour, that when I went to my
 cell in the
 evening at last, it appeared almost
 doubtful as
 to whether I should rise again next
 morning
 to see the dawn of day, once more to
 get myself
 yoked to my harness as before and go
 through
 the self-same drudgery. They seemed
 to appear
 quite unmoved by our troubles and
 would show
 us no consideration as literate
 people, unused
 from childhood to any kind of hard
 manual
 labour. However we argued,—let
 us try to
 pull on with whatever work they

choose to give
us, as long as our health permits, we
shall know
what course to adopt by and by.

The first six months passed in
this way;